

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

FACTS AND FANCIES LIKELY TO PLEASE THEM

Holland's Little Queen—a Royal Child Who Does Not Like Pump and Shows—A Remarkable Desaf-Mate—Nice Little Stories For Nice Little People.

The little Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland, as yet thinks only of her dolls, her pigeons, and her drives and excursions into the country. I saw her some months ago at a gateway station, a tall, well-made girl, fairly pretty, who was jumping and running about without the slightest regard to etiquette.

"You see that child?" said the station master. "What child?" was asked.

"That one jumping like a kitten. Well, she is a royal princess."

One would never have imagined it. She was surrounded by high officials, evidently standing on their position and dignity, while she was walking about the platform, with a smile, looking into the train windows, air which appeared to indicate a wish to get rid of her attendants to enjoy the same freedom.

The child was born in French baby at first, like Edward, and she spoke French in the first year. She was a beauty, a real princess. Then she learned other languages, but strangely enough, never German, her father having a horror of all Germans.

Miss Winter, an English lady, now teaches Miss Sophie, and she speaks French in the first year. She was a beauty, a real princess or Miss Winter, who has absolute authority.

The little Queen has her military household, and her service includes also a chamberlain, professors, her governess, and other attendants. Her chief happiness is to walk in the garden and to look after her pigeons, which she loves as much as her dolls. She attends to her pets herself.

Many hours are the rule for the royal family. She gets up at 6 A.M., and at noon she is asleep at 11. At the second of 11 P.M. the dinner hour. Between 8 A.M. and 11 A.M. the Queen has her lessons in languages, music, and drawing. After breakfast she goes to the piano, and plays for half an hour. In the afternoon she reads, and then goes to the piano again. Her mother has a piano, and she loves to play it.

There she went to the house of her daughter Sophie, and there she had a bath. Twenty-four hours she fell upon her bed, stricken with a mortal stroke of pain.

"Well, you must have courage," the friend said, clasping her hand.

"I am a good girl, but I do not like to be ill. I am ill, and I am afraid to die." The friend soothed her, and said, "It is all right, we will get you well again." And the Queen got well.

"I am a good girl, but I do not like to be ill. I am ill, and I am afraid to die." The friend soothed her, and said, "It is all right, we will get you well again."

"Well, well!" said Gambetta, breathlessly.

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